

# Sequachee Valley News.

PUBLISHED AT  
Sequachee, Marion County, Tenn.  
EVERY THURSDAY.

HILL & SON, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Subscription Price, 50c a Year in Advance.

News and advertising matter to secure insertion must be handed in before 12 o'clock each Wednesday, or it may be too late for publication.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1909.

The picture of the couple of thugs drinking "boozie" contained in the advertisement of a Chattanooga saloonist in The Chattanooga Times is not an inspiring sight. Anyone of the gentlemen would be unsafe to meet in the public highway after dark. The picture is meant to show how elegant it is to drink "pure rye," but the apex of the ambition delineated is not desirable.

The Chattanooga Times is worried over democracy in Tennessee, and the prohibition democrats and the republicans joining together to oust whiskey from the state seems to have excited this unsettled feeling. If it is a question of whiskey vs. democracy it would be far better to wipe democracy from the state rather than let whiskey control it. Let the Times consider this.

While safe blowers are busy "cracking safes," there is great consolation for us when we remember that we haven't a safe to lure them to investigate. A newspaper man has about as much use for a safe as a cow has for a fifth leg.

W. M. Stone's resolution in the Chattanooga Times is not a bad one. It is as follows: "For 1909 I am resolved, firstly, To do as good as I can, to as many as I can and as much as I can. Secondly—There ain't no secondly."

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn." This is exactly what the whiskey seller does—acts inhumanly to his fellow men by selling them body and soul poison.

It is the poor man with the jeans clothes that gets the fag end of justice. The rich man with the broadcloth suit, has "influence" that the poor man does not possess.

Let us hope that Chattanooga will soon be a "dry" town and the liquor "interests" (?) so plentiful over there will have to move on.

As the country exchanges begin to appear, after their Christmas vacations, they have lots to tell of weddings and high jinks.

Tear down that whiskey sign that has been so plentifully tacked to the fences and barns of this section.

Alabama is now a "dry" state. Some more anxious for the whiskey-ites. Let the good work go on.

We suppose you have turned over that new leaf. Be sure you keep it turned over.

How many times have you written it "1908" so far this year, instead of "1909"?

And the Anti-Saloonists control both branches of the legislature! Hip-hip-hooray!

If there is anything good coming to Sequachee in 1909, let's have it.

It requires a proper combination of certain acids with natural digestive juices to perfect a dyspepsia cure. And that is what Kodol is—a perfect digester that digests all the food you eat. If you will take Kodol for a little while you will no longer have indigestion. You then couldn't have indigestion if your food were to digest? Kodol digests all you eat. It is pleasant to take, acts promptly. Sold by J. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

A ball game was pulled off at the Dixie Cement plant Christmas day. It is never too late for base ball in Dixie.

## Consumption

is, by no means, the dreadful disease it is thought to be—in the beginning.

It can always be stopped—in the beginning. The trouble is: you don't know you've got it; you don't believe it; you won't believe it—till you are forced to. Then it is dangerous.

Don't be afraid; but attend to it quick—you can do it yourself—at home. Take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod Liver Oil and live carefully every way.

This is sound doctrine, whatever you may think or be told; and, if heeded, will save life.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

## SANDY FAULKNER AND HIS FIDDLE

He Was the Original Arkansas Traveler and Lived in Little Rock.

Colonel Sandy Faulkner, the original "Arkansas Traveler," was born in Georgetown, Scott county, Ky., March 3, 1803. He came to Arkansas in 1829 and settled in Chicot county on the Mississippi river as a cotton planter. In 1839 Colonel Faulkner with his father, the late Nicholas Faulkner, a Virginian by birth, took up his residence in Little Rock, where he died August 4, 1874, at the age of seventy-one years.

It is well known throughout the Southwest that Colonel Faulkner was the original personator of the "Arkansas Traveler;" it was his pride to be known as such. The story, it is said, was his founded on a little incident which occurred in the campaign of 1840, when he made the tour of the State in company with the Hon. A. H. Sevier, Gov. Fulton, Chester Ashley and Gov. Yell. One day in the Boston Mountains the party approached a squatter's for information of the route and Colonel "Sandy" was made spokesman of the company, and it was upon his witty responses the tune and story were founded. On the return to Little Rock a grand banquet was given in the famous "barroom" which used to stand near the Anthony house, and Colonel "Sandy" was called upon to play the tune and tell the story. Afterward it grew in popularity. When he subsequently went to New Orleans, the fame of the "Arkansas Traveler" had gone ahead of him, and at a banquet, amid clinking glasses and sparkling toasts, he was handed a violin by the then Governor of Louisiana, and requested to favor them with the favorite Arkansas tune. At the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use, bearing in gilt letters over the door:

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER." Traveler—Hallo, stranger, Squatter—Hallo, yourself. T.—Can I get to stay all night with you? S.—No, sir; you can't get to— T.—Have you any spirits here? S.—Lots uv 'em; Sal saw one last night by that ar ol' holler gum, and it nearly skinned her to death. T.—You mistake my meaning: Have you any liquor? S.—Had some yesterday, but Ole Bese he got in and lapped all uv it out 'n the pot. T.—You don't understand. I don't mean pot liquor. I'm wet and cold and want some whiskey. Have you got any? S.—O, yes; I drank the last this morning. T.—I'm hungry; haven't had a thing since morning; can't you give me something to eat. S.—Hain't a darned thing in the house. Not a mouthful uv meat nor a dust uv meal here. T.—Well, can't you give my horse something to eat? S.—Got nothin' to feed him on. T.—How far is it to the next house? S.—Stranger, I don't now; I've never been thar. T.—Well, do you know who lives here? S.—I do. T.—As I am so bold, then, what might your name be? S.—It might be Dick, and it might be Tom; but it lacks right 'smart uv it. T.—Sir, will you tell me where this road runs to? S.—It's never been anywhar since I've lived here; it's always thar when I get up in the mornin'.

T.—Well, how far is it to where it forks? S.—It don't fork at all; but it splits up like the devil.

T.—As I am not likely to get to any other house tonight, can't you let me sleep in yours; and I'll tie my horse to a tree and do without anything to eat or drink? S.—My house leaks. Thar's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on it. And that thar tree is the ole woman's persimmon; you can't tie to it, 'cause she don't want 'em shuk off. She 'lows to make beer out'n 'em.

T.—Why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks? S.—It's been raining all day. T.—Well, why don't you do it in dry weather? S.—It don't leak then.

T.—As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do, anyhow? S.—Putty well, I thank you; how do you do yourself? T.—I mean what do you do for a living? S.—Keep tavern and sell whiskey. T.—Well, I told you I wanted some whiskey.

S.—Stranger, I bought a bar'l mor'n a week ago. You see, me and Sal went shares. After we got it here we only had a bit between us, and Sal he didn't want to use hern fust, nor me mine. You see, I had a spiggin in one end, and she in t'other. So she takes a drink out'n my end, and pays me the bit for it; then I'd take up out'n hern, and give her the bit. Well, we's getting along fust rate till Dick, durn skunkin skunk, he born a hole on the bottom to suck at, and the next time I went to buy a drink thar warn't no more thar.

T.—I'm sorry your whiskey's all gone; but, my friend, why don't you

play the balance of that tune? S.—It's got no balance to it. T.—I mean you don't play the whole of it. S.—Stranger, can you play the fiddle? T.—Yes, a little sometimes. S.—You don't look like a fiddler, but if you think you can play any more onto that there thune, you can jest git down and try.

The traveler gets down and plays the whole of it.) S.—Stranger, take half a dozen cheers and set down. Sal, stir yourself round like a six horse team in a mud hole. Go around in the holler whar I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fotch it and cook it for me and this gentleman directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, and git the old black jug I hid from Dick and give us some whiskey. I know thar's some left yit. Til, drive Ole Bese out'n the bread tray, then climb up in the loft and git the rag thar's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's hoss round under the shed, give him some fodder and corn; much as he kin eat.

Til.—Dad, thar ain't knives enough for to sot the table. S.—Whar's big butch, ole case, cob handle, granny's knife and the one I handled yesterday? Thar's enough to sot any gentleman's table, without you've lost 'em. Durn me, stranger, ef you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and to drink. Will you have coffee for supper?

T.—Yes, sir. S.—I'll be hanged if you do, tho'; we don't have nothin' that way here but Grub Hyson, and I reckon it's mighty good with sweetin'. Play away, stranger; you kin sleep on the dry spot tonight.

T.—(After about two hours' fiddling.) My friend, can't you tell me about the road I'm to travel tomorrow? S.—Tomorrow! Stranger, you won't get out'n these diggins for six weeks. But when it gets so you kin start, you see that big sloe over thar? Well, you have to git crost that, then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two acre and a half corn patch. The corn's mity in the weeds, but you needn't mind that, jist ride on. About a mile and a half or two miles from thar you'll come to the damdest swamp you ever struck in all your travels; it's boggy enough to mire a saddle blanket. Thar's a fust rate road about six feet under that.

T.—How am I to get at it? S.—You can't git at it nary time, 'till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile beyant, you come to a place whar there's no roads. You kin take the right and ef you want you'll foller it a mile or so, and then you'll find it's run out; you'll then have to come back and try the left; when you git about two miles on that you may know you're wrong, fur they ain't any road thar. You'll then think your'e mighty lucky ef you can find the way back to my house whar you kin cum an play on that thune as long as you please.—Home and Farn, Louisville, Ky.

"Why are two young girls kissing one another an emblem of Christianity?" "Because they are doing to each other, what they would men should do unto them."

## WHITWELL DEPARTMENT

Miss Louella Bull is authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the News.

J. F. Meagher has gone to Pennsylvania.

W. C. Adams was in the city several days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith are visiting in Knoxville.

Mrs. Eva Hindson, of Tracy City, is here visiting homefolks.

T. J. Quarles, of Tracy City, was here one day last week.

Miss Vera Shirley gave the young folks a party New Year's Eve.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pryor of Chattanooga, spent the holidays here.

Misses Fannie Carlyon and Lois Smith left Monday for Kingston, Ga.

John Wilson has gone to North Carolina, where he has accepted a position.

Miss Caroline Frater, of Chattanooga, visited Miss Hazel Ashburn last week.

Miss Theona Morgan, of Tracy City, is here on a visit to her brother, J. R. Morgan.

play the balance of that tune? S.—It's got no balance to it. T.—I mean you don't play the whole of it. S.—Stranger, can you play the fiddle? T.—Yes, a little sometimes. S.—You don't look like a fiddler, but if you think you can play any more onto that there thune, you can jest git down and try.

The traveler gets down and plays the whole of it.) S.—Stranger, take half a dozen cheers and set down. Sal, stir yourself round like a six horse team in a mud hole. Go around in the holler whar I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fotch it and cook it for me and this gentleman directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, and git the old black jug I hid from Dick and give us some whiskey. I know thar's some left yit. Til, drive Ole Bese out'n the bread tray, then climb up in the loft and git the rag thar's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's hoss round under the shed, give him some fodder and corn; much as he kin eat.

Til.—Dad, thar ain't knives enough for to sot the table. S.—Whar's big butch, ole case, cob handle, granny's knife and the one I handled yesterday? Thar's enough to sot any gentleman's table, without you've lost 'em. Durn me, stranger, ef you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and to drink. Will you have coffee for supper?

T.—Yes, sir. S.—I'll be hanged if you do, tho'; we don't have nothin' that way here but Grub Hyson, and I reckon it's mighty good with sweetin'. Play away, stranger; you kin sleep on the dry spot tonight.

T.—(After about two hours' fiddling.) My friend, can't you tell me about the road I'm to travel tomorrow? S.—Tomorrow! Stranger, you won't get out'n these diggins for six weeks. But when it gets so you kin start, you see that big sloe over thar? Well, you have to git crost that, then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two acre and a half corn patch. The corn's mity in the weeds, but you needn't mind that, jist ride on. About a mile and a half or two miles from thar you'll come to the damdest swamp you ever struck in all your travels; it's boggy enough to mire a saddle blanket. Thar's a fust rate road about six feet under that.

T.—How am I to get at it? S.—You can't git at it nary time, 'till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile beyant, you come to a place whar there's no roads. You kin take the right and ef you want you'll foller it a mile or so, and then you'll find it's run out; you'll then have to come back and try the left; when you git about two miles on that you may know you're wrong, fur they ain't any road thar. You'll then think your'e mighty lucky ef you can find the way back to my house whar you kin cum an play on that thune as long as you please.—Home and Farn, Louisville, Ky.

"Why are two young girls kissing one another an emblem of Christianity?" "Because they are doing to each other, what they would men should do unto them."

## Kodol For Indigestion

Our Guarantee Coupon

If, after using a \$1.00 bottle of Kodol, you can honestly say it has not benefited you, we will refund your money. Try Kodol today on this guarantee. Fill out and sign the following, present it to the dealer at the time of purchase. If it fails to satisfy you return the bottle to the dealer from whom you bought it, and we will refund your money.

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Sign here \_\_\_\_\_

Send This Out—  
**Digests What You Eat**  
And Makes the Stomach Sweet  
J. W. Simpson & Co., Chicago, Ill.  
For sale by J. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

## COUNTY COURT

Proceedings of Session at Jasper Monday.

The County Court met at Jasper Monday, and the following is the principal business done.

A. S. Kelly, Jr., was elected County Superintendent of Schools, Mr. D. A. Tate, the present incumbent, not being a candidate. Mr. Kelly is a young man of much promise, and is a son of A. S. Kelly, of Kimball, the well-known surveyor. Mr. Kelly made a neat speech accepting the office and promised to work faithfully for the interest of the schools of the county.

Jonathan Turner was elected janitor of court house.

The tax rate for 1909 was fixed at \$1.50.

A committee was chosen to apply to legislature to authorize quarterly meetings of the County Court, instead of half yearly.

J. R. Pryor, county judge, read the following statement of settlement with trustee, which was adopted.

DEBITS  
TAX BOOK COLLECTIONS

TAX AGGREGATE, 1907:  
General Fund, \$9,812.81  
School Fund, 19,207.70  
Bond Fund, 9,812.83  
Road Fund, 2,735.62  
Bridge Fund, 4,906.20 \$46,475.21

PICKED-UP AGGREGATE:  
General Fund, \$216.66  
School Fund, 324.95  
Bond Fund, 216.66  
Road Fund, 71.51  
Bridge Fund, 108.31 \$938.09

PENALTY & INTEREST:  
General Fund, \$50.00  
School Fund, 30.00 \$80.00

PICKED-UP POLS TO AUG. 1:  
Pols Aug. 1, \$214.50 \$214.50

OTHER COLLECTIONS:  
General Fund, \$961.46  
School, 96.58 \$1,058.04

COUNTY CLERK:  
General Fund, \$881.42  
School Fund, 1,233.11  
Bond, 552.87  
Road, 576.24  
Bridge, 219.01 \$3,482.65

Clerk and Master, \$ 66.07  
Work House Fine, 190.65  
J. P. Fine, 246.50  
Road Commutation, 386.62  
School Int. from State, 1,131.42  
Surplus, 3,242.50  
Dist. School Interest, 237.96  
Miscellaneous (General), 564.27  
School Note Prin., 224.00

BALANCE SEPT. 1, 1907.  
General Fund, \$2,088.05  
School, 16,987.26  
Bond, 7,767.96  
Road, 3,070.90

Bridge, (overdrawn) 469.04 \$29,445.13  
Total, \$87,960.11

CREDITS  
COURT RELEASES.

SALES TO STATE:  
General Fund, \$288.01  
School Fund, 432.01  
Bond Fund, 288.01  
Road Fund, 93.03  
Bridge Fund, 144.94 \$1,346.90

ERRORS, &c.  
General Fund, 213.34  
School Fund, 319.99  
Bond Fund, 213.34  
Road Fund, 58.85  
Bridge Fund, 106.66 \$912.18

DELINQUENT POLS:  
Delinquent Pol., 2,962.50 \$2,962.50

TRUSTEE'S COMMISSION:  
General Fund, \$303.03  
School Fund, 509.83  
Bond Fund, 303.03  
Road Fund, 84.15  
Bridge Fund, 151.00 \$1,349.59

TRUSTEE'S 1 PER CENT. COMMISSION:  
General Fund, \$93.61  
School Fund, 59.61  
Bond Fund, 5.58  
Road Fund, 9.71  
Bridge Fund, 2.19 \$100.70

CANCELLATIONS:  
General Fund, \$18,090.72  
School Fund, 19,943.41  
Bond, 6,350.00  
Road, 5,154.52  
Bridge, 4,234.56 \$53,823.21

OTHER CREDITS:  
School Note Prin., \$200.00 200.00  
Total, \$60,595.08

By Balance, 27,365.03  
Total, \$87,960.11

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature to do its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

On a very hot day in July an Irishman, thinly clothed, sat down on a bank, cast his shovel from him, and began to wipe the perspiration off his face.

A gentleman passing said: "Have a care Mr. or you'll catch cold."

"The Irishman looked on all sides" and asked: "Where is it? I wish I could catch it."

Read the News, 50c.

## CHIPS...

From the Editor's collection of the Wit, Wisdom and Humor of All Nations.

A lady once asked Dr. Johnson, "why he was not invited to the tables of the rich and great?"

"Because, Madam, the rich and great do not like to have their mouths stopped."

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task that is."

An Irish post boy, having driven a gentleman a long distance in torrents of rain, the latter at the end of the journey said:

"Are you not very wet?" "No, yer honor, but I am very dry."

A noisy Scotchman had a dispute with an Englishman, and when the row was over, he turned to an Irishman and asked, "Don't you think I have mangled my antagonist to some purpose?"

"Yes, yes," said the son of Erin, "and if ever I should have to fight the Philistines I should like to borrow your jaw bone."

A rather talkative female called on a doctor and asked, "Doctor can you tell me why I have lost my teeth?"

"Oh, yes, you have worn them out with your tongue."

In a new light Presbyterian church in County Derry, the minister one day preached such an impressive sermon that all the people present fell to weeping but one man. The minister approached and said, "Why don't you weep with the rest?" "I belong to another parish," was the answer.

Why is a kiss like a sermon. Because it needs two heads and an application.

A country squire asked a juggler, why he played the fool. "For the same reason you do, out of want. You do it for the want of wit, and I for the want of money."—Chippewa Falls, Wis., Catholic Sentinel.

You may eat all the good sensible food you like if you will let Kodol digest it for you. Don't worry about dyspepsia or indigestion, for worry only tends to make you more nervous. Besides you don't have to worry any more about what you eat, because Kodol for Dyspepsia and Indigestion will digest any and all food at any and all times. Kodol is guaranteed to give prompt relief. Sold by J. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

The type of Job Printing we turn out is always the best possible. Care is always taken to make things look right, and you know what that means in printing—more time consumed in the work. Our prices are always reasonable, and prompt delivery.

CASTORIA.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature  
Jas. H. Pritchard

Read the News—50c for 52 issues.

It is a household necessity. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP COMPOUND.

CURES Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Etc.,

The Favorite Remedy in All Homes. It is good for young and old. Has a Soothing and Healing Effect on all Coughs and Colds.

W. S. Corwin, Richmond, Wash., writes:—Some time ago I got a bad cold, which turned into LaGrippe. So I bought a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup Compound and it straightened me out mighty quickly. I believe Ballard's Horehound Syrup Compound will cure any case of LaGrippe.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Refuse All Substitutes.

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Sold and Recommended by

SEQUACHEE SUPPLY STORE, Sequatchie, Tenn.

The Modern Farmer

and

The Daily Paper

The American farmer has caught the spirit of the age and is no longer tilling along behind the procession. He is right in the front ranks and everybody must hustle to keep up with him.

The farmer is learning to make more money out of the land and with his mental expansion he wants the better things of life.

He wants, among other things, his daily paper in his mail box before noon of the day it is published.

THE KNOXVILLE JOURNAL AND TRIBUNE is practically the only newspaper in East Tennessee which reaches its subscribers on the date of publication. It is a clean, up-to-date publication, giving ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME.

In addition to the regular news, we print a farm page once a week edited by men who have devoted their lives to learning how to find better ways of doing things on the farm. This page is devoted to timely matter about stock raising, seed selection, cultivation and results of the agricultural experiment station. Everything is practical and all farmers realize its value.

Send in your subscription today. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Write to the Journal and Tribune for full information.

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT

is famous for neat, nice work, promptly delivered, and at lowest prices. Let us figure on your work.

HILL & SON, Sequachee, Tenn.